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THE HIVE.

"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,——HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1803.

The VILLAGE CURATE; or, AS YOU LIKE IT.

A TALE—BY MR. BACON.

"The good, for Virtue's sake, abhor to sin."

CREECH.

AT an age, when the human mind is most susceptible of, and too often imbibes, a passion for voluptuous pleasure; ere yet experience her sage precepts had impressed, Lord Belfont inherited a splendid fortune. His levees were crouded with the most fashionable part of the world: the voice of flattery incessantly sung his praise, and bestowed on him every virtue that could ennoble man. His rank in life, and extensive fortune, introduced him into the first families in England; and overtures of marriage were made to him by the parents and guardians of the greatest beauties of the age; but Belfont, though not insensible to the charms of beauty, was not yet become the vassal of their power.

The attention which he invariably received from the whole circle of his acquaintance, it might reasonably be supposed, was very acceptable to the inexperienced Belfont; but, notwithstanding his extreme youth, and ignorance of men and manners, he suspected the sincerity of those encomiums which flattery bestowed on him; and the pliant voice of adulation had made little impression on his mind.

At once to prove the integrity of his professed friens, he carefully spread a report that, by one imprudent step, he had precipitated from prosperity's flowery mount, into the barren vale of poverty. Swift as wildfire ran the evil tale; and those very doors which, as it were by magic, opened at the approach of the rich and happy Belfont, were now barred against the ruined spendthrift.

To give his distress the air of certainty, he made several applications for assistance to his once vowed eternal friends, which were invariably treated with a mortifying contempt. To the fair rivals of his affections he addressed his tale of sorry: here, too, neglect was his fate. Belfont, dispossessed of the means to gratify their fondness for dress, amusement, and pleasure, was an object no longer worthy of their regard.

Reflecting on these events, he exclaimed "How wretched are the children of fortune! The poor man, in his hour of distress, finds a friend; but the rich, when he ceases to be so, is disregarded by those whom his former bounty fed; and who have not charity enough to give to his misfortunes, even the costless sigh of pity!"

In the midst of his contemplations, a servant entered the room, and announced the arrival of Lord Bremere, who returning from a country excursion, had just heard of his friend's misfortunes, and hastened to relieve his necessities. As he approached, Belfont, rising from his chair, ran to meet him. "It is some consolation," said he, "for the disappointments I have experienced, to find the man whom I most valued, not unworthy the esteem I bore him. This," continued he, "more than recompences the ingratitude of those mercenary wretches, who cannot recollect the features of their friend when shaded by the veil of affected distress."

The conclusion of Belfont's address forcibly struck Lord Bremere, who repeated the words—"*affected distress*."—Adding with much surprise—"Are, then, your misfortunes bred of the idle tattle of the town?"

"No, my lord," returned Belfont; "not from those contemptible beings, who eagerly busy themselves with every body's affairs, while they neglect their own, and who are only industrious in the propogation of scandal; but from myself arose the tale of my distress. I invented it, merely to prove the sincerity of those protestations of eternal friendship, which, every day, the syren, flattery, whispered in my ear; and which, to speak the truth, were become most intolerably disgusting. Among my female friends," he continued, "a lady on whom I looked with partial eyes, and who, in fact, had made some faint impression on my heart, had the cruelty to smile at my distress: but I thank her for her contempt; it has broke asunder those chains her beauty had forged to hold my heart in bondage."

And what does your lordship mean to make of this discovery?" inquired Bremere.

"My resolutions, Charles," returned Belfont, "and your ideas, I will venture to say, are of an opposite nature. You, perhaps, imagine that I shall return to the fashionable world, refute the opinion it entertains of my distress, and reproach it for its ingratitude!"

"What else can you possibly propose?" asked Bremere.

"Convinced of your lordship's integrity," replied Belfont, "I shall not hesitate to repose in your breast the secret of my resolves. The sudden death of my uncle," continued he, "has given me an ample fortune; the enjoyment of which, in the vulgar opinion of mankind, ensures the constant possession of happiness. Alas! how mistaken is such a notion! It is true, my every wish is gratified but one. You smile, Charles, and already anticipate that yet unaccomplished wish.—Yes, my friend, the society of a virtuous female, whose bosom is awake to the soft touches of humanity, and who will not, to the offspring of distress, refuse the tributary sigh of pity, nor from the needy sufferer withhold the sacred boon of charity, is what I am now in search of. In the higher circles of life," added he, "my pursuit has proved abortive; and, assuming the appearance of the rustic cottager, I mean to seek it in humbler scenes!"

It was in vain that Lord Bremere endeavored to dissuade his friend from his purpose. Belfont remained inflexible to all his entreaties; and, having drawn from his friend an assurance of inviolable secrecy, they parted:—Bremere, to the haunts of giddy fashion; Belfont, to prepare for his visit to those of rural felicity.

After a short repast, Belfont, leaving directions with his steward for the management of the family in his absence, retired to rest; and, at an early hour, while the sons of riot and dissipation were returning from their nocturnal revels, he left his splendid mansion, and in the humble garb of a peasant, with a few necessaries tied up in a handkerchief, began his retreat from the metropolis. His name and title were only known in Grosvenor Square: at present, he contented himself with the less dignified appellation of George Trueman; and all traces of Lord Belfont, were, for a time, vanished.

Having continued his walk for near three hours, he found himself somewhat fatigued, when an inn, opportunely presented itself to

view, afforded him an opportunity of resting his weary limbs, and satisfying the cravings of nature, which exercise had rendered more than commonly acute. The obsequious host soon furnished him with an excellent breakfast; which having finished, he mounted the Norwich stage, that had arrived during his repast, and at the close of the day, found himself in that city.

Meanwhile, Lord Bremere, mixing with the circle of Belfont's late acquaintance, heard, with silent indignation, the illiberal and unjust reflections that were cast on the supposed misconduct of his friend.

The impertinent inquiries with which his ears were assailed, from all who knew him in the habits of friendship with Belfont, were almost too much for his temper to bear with composure; and he was often on the point of violating the promise of secrecy his friend had extorted from him, to vindicate his character from the aspersions of slander.

Seated, one evening, in a box at Drury Lane Theatre, he was seen by Lady Caroline Blandish, from the opposite side of the house; who, *sans ceremonie*, immediately came round to him.—"So, my Lord," said she, entering the box, "what is become of your friend Belfont? Have you seen him lately? How does he bear his misfortunes? I am really sorry for the unfortunate youth!"

"My friend," replied Bremere, "is infinitely obliged to your ladyship for the concern you take in his distress!"

"Why, you know, my Lord," returned Lady Caroline, one can't help being concerned for the distress of those who were of one's acquaintance. I confess," continued she, "the news of his ruin astonished me prodigiously; and, I assure you, I felt myself extremely hurt at it; for his Lordship had paid me much attention, and I began to think I had made a conquest. It is, however," added she, "very fortunate that the affair ended as it did; for, you know, it would have been a shocking thing to have involved one's self in such difficulties."

"True, madam," replied Bremere, who, by her Ladyship's discourse, found she was the person to whom Belfont alluded, as having attracted his particular notice; "but after all, whatever diminution the fortune of Lord Belfont has received, be assured, it is still sufficient to support the women whom he shall honor with his hand, in a stile of elegance that might soothe the most extensive vanity!" And without waiting her ladyship's reply, bowed, and wished her good night; disgusted with the affected concern she expressed for his friend's imaginary distress, which was but ill calculated to conceal the spirit of malevolence that rankled in her bosom.

Lady Caroline stood for some minutes after Bremere's departure, in a fixed astonishment: she knew not what construction to put upon his words; but, after a short consideration, she concluded, what he had said was only to shelter his friend from the censure of the world, and to enforce the opinion that his affairs were not so desperate as they had been represented. With these ideas, she rejoined her company; and, in discoursing on other topics, Belfont and his misfortunes escaped her memory.

And now, gentle reader, let us banish from our thoughts the giddy Lady Caroline, and attend the steps of Belfont, whom, hereafter, if you please, unless it shall be found necessary to use his real name, we will distinguish by that of Trueman.

Having spent a few days at Norwich, in examining those objects most worthy the notice of a traveller, he left that city, and continued his excursion, 'till he found himself, for the first time, on his own estates, in the midst of his tenantry.

Totally unknown to his tenants, and equally so to his steward, he had an opportunity of informing himself of the oppression which the former bore, and the abuse which the latter committed. It was near sun-set when he arrived at a pleasant village, on the borders of the sea, which contained what is there called an inn. Here he took up his quarters. Having deposited his bundle in the room where he was to sleep, he repaired to the kitchen; and, seating himself among the rustics assembled over their evening *gotch of nog*,* joined in their discourse.

The conversation chiefly turned on the transactions of the village; and among a variety of anecdotes detailed by the inhabitants, the recent misfortunes of their worthy curate most attracted the attention of Trueman. The incident dwelt strongly on his mind; and, fatigued as he was by his day's walk, he determined, before he slept, to make himself acquainted with the narrative of a man, of whom his parishioners spoke in such high terms of approbation. When the company retired, he invited the landlord to partake of his beverage; who, being a communicative sort of a person, and one who had a considerable share of humanity interwoven in his composition, readily complied with Trueman's request, to relate the misfortunes of the worthy pastor.

[*TO BE CONTINUED.*]

* The earthen jugs, out of which the people in Norfolk drink, are called GOTCHES; and their strong beer is known by the name of NOG.

APHORISMS.

There is not a villain in existence, whose mind does not silently acknowledge, that virtue is the corner stone of all felicity.

There is a dignity and elevation in virtue, which over-awes the most daring profligate.

When you feel dissatisfied with your circumstances, look down on those beneath you, that you may learn contentment.

BIOGRAPHY.

AUGUSTUS ROY FLETCHER.

THIS singular character was an inhabitant of Glenorchay, and principally supported himself by hunting and fishing. A faithful dog was his attendant; the gun and the dirk were his companions. Sometime, indeed, he exchanged the gun for the fishing spear, but was never seen without one or the other of them. At a distance from social life, his residence was in the wildest and most remote parts of the lofty mountains which separate the country of Glenorchay from that of Rannoch. In the midst of these wilds he erected his hut, where he passed the spring, summer, and autumn, and a considerable share of the winter. He had a few goats, which he occasionally tended on these lofty cliffs. These, with his dog, gun, the spear, and the dirk, a belted plaid, hose and brogues, constituted the whole of his property. While his goats fed among the rocks and wide extended heaths, he ranged the hill and the forest in pursuit of game. He returned to his little flock in the evening and conducted them to his solitary hut. He milked them with his own hands, and after making a comfortable meal, laid himself down to rest in the midst of them. By day they were his principal care, and by night they were his only companions, except the dog. He wished not to associate with any of his own species, either male or female; and yet if the step of the wandering stranger happened to approach his little cabin, Augustus Roy was humane and hospitable in the extreme. Whatever he possessed, even to the last morsel, he cheerfully bestowed upon his guest; at a time too when he knew not certainly where to procure another morsel for himself. Strange, that a man, who apparently had no affection for society, should be so much disposed to exercise one of its noblest virtues! Such was the manner in which this extraordinary man spent the greater part of the year; but when the chill blast of December returned, when the excessive coldness of the climate forced him to depart from the mountains, and to quit the solitary cell, he condescended to hold some intercourse with mankind. He repaired to the village; but he entered with reluctance into society, where no man lived or acted in his peculiar manner. In this situation he discovered evident symptoms of uneasiness and disgust. To remove the languor of an intercourse in which he found no enjoyment, he went early every morning to the hill and the wood in search of game, and when he returned, he stole unobserved to rest.—If he ever felt the force of love, it must have been in a very moderate degree, for he hardly ever displayed any propensity to that passion; and yet he dressed after the manner of the most finished coxcomb. The

belted plaid and the dirk were fitted on with a wild and affected elegance; and his bonnet which was very small, was in a similar taste. His hair, which was naturally curled, and very thick, was always tied with a silken, or variegated cord, which he esteemed as one of the brightest ornaments. His look was lofty, though he condescended to be his own butcher, cook, and baker; and when he killed a hare, or game of any denomination, he prepared it himself for eating. Under all these circumstances, so seemingly depressing, he was haughty and high-minded in the extreme. Were he starving for want of food, he would not deign to ask any person living to bestow on him the smallest pittance. In conformity to established custom, he took off his bonnet to what is called a gentleman, but he did it with reluctance, and in a manner which indicated contempt, rather than respect, for the person whom he addressed. Upon the whole, Augustus Roy Fletcher, merited the appellation of a most singular character. In circumstances the most humiliating, he had hardly his equal among the proud and haughty. Among coxcombs, he would make a distinguished figure. He could neither read nor write.

AGRICULTURAL.

"He that by the Plough would thrive,
"Himself must either hold or drive."

FRANKLIN.

THERE is no business that requires more constant care and closer attention than agriculture. If a merchant or a trader should wholly neglect his store and his clerks, or should leave the care and direction of them to others, his business would run him in debt; and the more he should trade, the deeper would he be plunged. And so it will fare with the farmer, that neither labours himself, nor oversees his labourers.——His farm, instead of producing net profits, will be a bill of cost. Though a farmer by the affluence of his circumstances should be exempted from the necessity of labouring with his own hands, he must notwithstanding bestow his daily care upon the business. He must plan the work, and direct the workmen. He must often be with them; and must see that all his work be done seasonably and well done.

Alnascar, who was a man of some degree of taste and erudition, was left with a large estate; and he took it into his head to become a *gentleman farmer*. Accordingly he purchased an excellent farm. The decent farm-house, that was upon it, he demolished, and built, in its place, an elegant mansion. His out-houses and palisades displayed the taste of the scholar and the gentleman; insomuch that the passing stranger was led, by curiosity, to inquire, *Who lives there?* He had herds and flocks—fine horses and carriages, and a numerous train of men-servants and maid-servants.

But unhappily Alnascar was above his business. He would have redened with shame had he been caught at the tail of his plow—His lady would have fainted or been seized with hysterics, if she had been seen among her dish-kettles and wash-tubs. Consequently, while more was wasted in the kitchen, than was eaten, the multitude of labourers on the farm did but little work, and that poorly.—His debts accumulated—the officers of justice became saucy—Alnascar was constrained to sell his farm; and left it, with uttering a volley of curses against the business that he had undertaken. [*Balance.*

HUMORIST.

A Letter from an Attorney, on the Circuit, to his Mistress in town.

MY DEAR CHARMER!

THE *Circuit* is now at an end, and the judges and lawyers on their return home; but no *felon*, sentenced at the assizes, to transportation, could have been in a more wretched plight, than your humble servant; for I can safely make *affidavit*, that each day, that I behold not your lovely face, is to me a *dies non*. Cupid, the tipstaff, has served me with an *attachment* from your bright eyes, more dreadful than a *green wax process*; he has taken my heart into *custody*, and will not accept of *bail*. Unless you allow of my *plea*, I must be *non-suited* in a *cause* I have set my heart on. Why will you, while I pine in hopes of a speedy *rejoinder*, hang me up *term* after *term*, by frivolous *delays*, which tend only to gain *time*.

I *filed my bill* as of last *Michelmas term*, on the morrow of all souls, in hopes, ere this, to have joined *issue* with you. It is now fifteen days from *Easter-day*, and, by your *demurring*, I am as far from bringing my *cause* to an *hearing*, as before I commenced my *suit*. You still delay giving in your *answer*, which is absolutely against the *practice* of all the *courts*. I would willingly quit the fattest *client* there, to attend your business, would you but submit to a *reference*; and should prefer an *attendance* at your *chambers*, to those of *master* in *chancery*.

I stand in great need of an able *counsel* to move my *suit* while I am absent; that sly slut, Dolly, your chamber maid, has taken my *fee*, yet I fear betrays my *cause*: she is ever prefering some *cross-bill*, which protracts matters, and yet I do not *sue* in *forma pauperis*, being ready and willing to *infeoff* you in a good *jointure*; and to this I will bind myself, my *heirs*, *executors*, *administrators*, and *assigns*, by a *deed* in which you shall nominate *trustees*.

To save expences, my clerk shall engross it, and it shall be perused by your own lawyer, it being left as a query, how vastly preferable the title of a *femme couvert* is to that of a *spinster*; but you shall answer short to all my *interlocutory interrogatories*. If I could but once obtain a leading order to try my title, by even a *jury* of your own friends, I am certain I should obtain a *verdict* in my favor, and recover *costs* against you; for I have a good *action* for attendance and loss of time, though, upon the *postea*, I do not think I could find in my heart to *issue* a *ca sa* against you, or put you into any other *court*, but that of Hymen.

You have equity in your own breast, and from thence I hope for relief: *decree* but for me, and the day of *essoign* shall be that of your own nuptials, and the eve of the lasting felicity of, dear creature, your humble supplicant, and faithful orator, &c.

T. SPLITCAUSE.

THE TWO JEWS.

Two old Jews, who go about the streets dealing in old cloaths, passing by a gentleman's stable, were so fascinated by a couple of jackets, belonging to two postillions, that they could not resist the temptation of adding them to their stock in trade. While they were secreting their prize, the two owners returned from a public house, where they had been drinking a pot of porter, and saw the whole transaction. They rushed out, seized the Israelites, locked them up in the stable, and went in quest of certain things which promised better sport than a prosecution. They then returned, tied the two Jews face to face, and matting together their two beards, smeared with warm shoe-maker's wax. As soon as the wax was cold, and a sufficient number of spectators gathered together, to view this fraternal Jewish hug, the postillions, at intervals, applied a few pinches of snuff, which caused such a concussion of noses, and such sneezing and sputtering in each other's faces, that while it inflicted the severest punishment on the thieves, the spectators were highly pleased with this specimen of distributive justice.

A late London paper, says, "In the public gardens yesterday, which were numerously attended, some *dashing* ladies, in addition to their *transparances*, sported the *Diana* leg, by festooning the peticoat on the right side a few inches *above* the knee.

A German physician has just published a medical tract, in which he says, 'Ladies of weak nerves should not be permitted to sleep *alone*.'

WITTIMAN, in his travels, just published, when speaking of Jerusalem, says—"We were told by the priests of an extraordinary threat, made by Bonaparte, namely, that should he ever obtain possesson of Jerusalem, he would plant the tree of liberty on the spot where the cross of Christ stood, & would bury the first French grenadier who should fall in the attack, in the tomb of our Saviour."

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

MR. M'DOWELL,

The following lines are the production of the young man, mentioned in the poetical department of the seventh number of 'The Hive.' Your giving them a place, next week, will oblige EDWIN.

LINES, supposed to be written on Beacon-Hill, Boston, in the year 1799.

O'ER freedom's consecrated ground I tread,
Amid the mouldering mansions of the dead;
The mortal parts of her lov'd sons here lie,
Their souls enjoy immortal bliss on high.
Here first was liberty's standard unfurl'd
Against the thunders, by tyranny hurl'd—
Here first our gallant fathers fearless stood,
Eager, in freedom's cause, to shed their blood:
Dauntless and firm they yielded up their breath,
The glorious purchase, victory or death.
This memorable maxim ever taught,
That life, without fair liberty, is naught.
Here sprung the spark, which, like electric flame,
Instant pervaded all where ere it came;
Until at length, by patriot breezes fann'd,
It blaz'd in splendor bright o'er all the land.
To whatsoever side my view I turn,
I feel my breast with glowing ardor burn:—
The mount, where Warren's gallant spirit fled,
And meaner hosts unnumber'd with him bled—
Tow'ring first meets my wandering eye,
Its lofty summit pointing to the sky.
The lesson, our fathers taught at Bunkers Hill,
"Our sons" shall in "their children's" mind instil;
Teach them constant to watch with jealous eyes,
The hard earn'd and inestimable prize.
Charlestown, as if refin'd and cleans'd by fire,
(The vengeful mark of savage British ire)
Rises more fair to greet the wandering sight;
Its beauteous heights now cloth'd with new delight.
Yon dark'ning groves conceal the Muses seat,*
Of mild philosophy the sweet retreat;
Fair science there, with all her potent charms,
(No longer stunn'd by horrid war's alarms)
Courts to her embrace th' enraptur'd youth,
Who ardent seeks the constant spring of truth;
Who in her tranquil bow'rs delights to dwell,
While her great themes his panting bosom swell;
Arduous he climbs the rugged mountains brow,
Or saunters careless in the plains below;—
In mute rapture hears the awful cataract's roar,
And views the torrents, which impetuous pour
O'er all the fertile vales in thousand rills,
While grateful earth her thirsty bosom fills.
Now pensive wanders o'er th' enamell'd mead,
Where spring rich herbage and the noxious weed;
Where the soft murmurs of the babbling brook,
His mind from silent meditation took;
Or soft reclin'd beneath th' umbrageous tree,
His hours, employ'd in thought, like moments flee.
Ages, long past, to him again appear,
The warrior dauntless, and prophetic seer,
Heroes and sages, from profoundest night
Emerging, stand pourtray'd in fancy's sight;
By her strong hand in vivid colours drawn,
Their morn, long faded, seems once more to dawn.
The sightless bard,† who stern Pelides sung,
The fate of Troy, which on his mandate hung,
The dreadful wrath that fir'd his vengeful soul,
And passions fierce, which rag'd without controul,
Now on Scamander's bank begins his song;
While list'ning shepherds round him throng.
MARO, in Mantua's pleasant vales retir'd,
(His breast with naught but sweet emotions fir'd)
In ardent, flowing, rapt'rous strains records,
The gentle bliss, which solitude affords.
Next see gay Flaccus with his glass advance,
Tune up the pipe, and lead the merry dance;
In gallant verse women and wine adore;
Give him but these, he asks of heav'n no more.
The grateful Tully now defends the laws,
His eloquence supports his country's cause;
To guilty minds thunders a dread alarm,
And to each tribute gives a novel charm.
The widow's, orphan's injur'd rights demand,
His fost'ring aid and all protecting hand;
Ardent he mounts the well-known rostrum's stage,
Repels injustice and defies its rage.——
Such scenes as these engage the youthful mind,
By knowledge cultur'd and by taste refin'd.
From this great source unceasing pleasures spring,
Nor stings repentant, pangs remorseful bring;
Tranquil and pure they shed delight serene,
And open to the view one boundless scene. S. D. E.

* *Cambridge College.* † *Homer.*

MORALIST.

A MOTHER's REFLECTIONS,

On hearing two excellent Sermons lately preached on the Pious Education of Children.

HOW momentous is the charge intrusted to the care of parents—the charge of giving early instruction to their children—those dearest pledges of mutual affection, which form the tenderest ties of human life!—not merely such instruction as will enable them to shine on the great theatre of *this* world; but such as will prepare them to become heirs of heaven and immortality. With what truth and justice did Mr. ——set forth and inforce this all-important, but, alas! too much neglected subject! And how deeply do I regret the deficiency of my ability to discharge this sacred duty as it ought to be done! But, where shall I look for assistance? 'Tis vain to suppose that human means, however ample, can avail, without the blessing of the Almighty: 'Tis vain to expect that the soul can derive any good from human aid alone; or that any relief can be afforded to the body, when pressed down under a burden of cares, without the Divine permission. No! These must come from above, whence cometh every good and perfect gift; and they can only be obtained by humble, devout, earnest and unceasing prayer. If Divine Grace be requisite, to prepare the heart to perform, in a proper and acceptable manner, any one duty incumbent upon us;—how much more, in the present case, does it appear necessary, to enable us to fulfil, as we ought, the complicated and urgent task, which a parent feels to be one of the first of duties!—Oh! then, may it be my first object, by prayer and supplication, to implore the assistance and guidance of the Holy Spirit, by which alone I can be enabled faithfully to discharge the momentous trust which GOD has committed to me as a mother! May I view, in a proper light, the all-important situation in which I stand, with respect to Him, and the dear children whom he has been pleased to give me! May I be deeply impressed with the awful consideration, that on me may depend their everlasting happiness or misery; in order that thereby I may so regulate my life and conversation, as that, while I inculcate on their tender minds the divine precepts of Christianity, my own example may strengthen them in the practice of its various duties! For, O Heavenly Father, it is my fervent prayer, that thou wouldst sooner consign the bodies of the darling infants whom I cherish, to the cold embraces of the silent tomb, and thus destroy my fondest hopes, and blast my fairest prospects, on earth, than that thou shouldst suffer them to live for me to *point* the road to Heaven, and *lead* the road to Hell! O horrid and insupportable thought! What! Shall I engage in the scenes of wickedness, and enjoy the pleasures of sin for a *season*, and leave my precious babes, to perish, with myself *for ever?* Forbid it, thou Father of Mercies! Teach me my duty to thee. Teach me my duty to them. And since so frail and inconsistent is human nature, O strengthen every feeble resolution which I have made to maintain, preserve and bring up in the nurture and admonition of the LORD, the dear children whom thou hast been pleased to bestow; and, while thou seest best and right to continue us in this world, O lead us in the way wherein we should go, thy way everlasting, and we cannot err, for it will finally conduct us to thee! [*Phil. Repository.*

LANCASTER, (Penn.)
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CHARLES M'DOWELL,
AT THE SIGN OF THE 'BEE-HIVE,' A FEW DOORS EAST OF THE LEOPARD TAVERN, IN EAST KING-STREET.